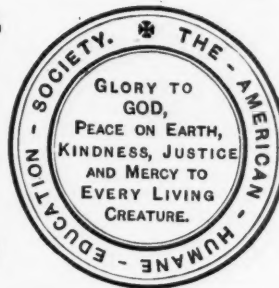


# Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR  
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK  
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 27.

Boston, October, 1894.

No. 5.



THE WATERFALL IN THE WOODS.

For this beautiful cut we are indebted to "The Engraver and Printer Co.," 5 Park Square, Boston.

## "BLACK BEAUTY."

Our "American Humane Education Society" has now caused "Black Beauty" to be translated into eight European and three Asiatic languages. Probably we have caused to be printed not less than two millions copies.

## "THE STRIKE AT SHANE'S" AND "HOLLYHURST."

Our 1st edition of "The Strike at Shane's" was 5000, our 2d 20,000, and our 3d 50,000. — Our 1st edition of "Hollyhurst" was 5000, our 2d 20,000.

## HAS IT PAID?

Has it paid for our two Humane Societies to make such a vast distribution of humane literature gratuitously and at less than cost?

Has it paid to supply each month all the editors, clergy, lawyers, doctors, school superintendents and postmasters of Massachusetts, and thousands of police, drivers and others, with "Our Dumb Animals" without charge?

Has it paid to supply every month the editors of about ten thousand American publications, and every other month the editors of about twenty thousand American publications, including all in North America north of Mexico with "Our Dumb Animals" without charge?

Has it paid to employ missionaries and organize or cause to be organized over twenty thousand branches, with between one and two millions members, of the "American Band of Mercy" formed in our offices a little over ten years ago?

Has it paid to furnish between ten and twenty thousands of these "Bands" with outfits of humane literature, and each Band with a copy of "Our Dumb Animals" for one year without charge?

Has it paid to send out and cause to be sent out over the civilized world in various languages at a cost of thousands of dollars more than our receipts nearly two millions copies of "Black Beauty," perhaps the best missionary of humanity to God's lower creatures that has ever appeared in this

world, and one of the best teachers to human beings of peace, temperance and nearly all the Christian virtues?

*Has it paid to offer large prizes for the humane stories we are now publishing, and some of which we have sent without charge, to the editors of all American publications in every city and nearly every town north of Mexico?*

*Has it paid for us to print in a single year about one hundred and seventeen millions and eighty thousand pages of humane literature, an amount probably far exceeding all printed in similar time by all other of our Humane Societies throughout the entire world combined?*

To these questions *tens of thousands* of humane editorials and republications of our humane articles in American papers answer, *Yes*.

More than a hundred thousand letters from humane and Christian men and women received at our offices answer, *Yes*.

The large donations which have come to our two Societies from unexpected sources in our own and other and distant States to help on our great work answer, *Yes*.

Perhaps the prayers offered for us during our sickness last winter, and the prayers of thanksgiving for our almost miraculous recovery when our physician had given up all hope, may be thought by some of our friends to answer, *Yes*.

If there is a Supreme Being who rules over the universe (of which how can any reasonable being doubt?) and in His infinite wisdom the time has come, as it seems to us, for the dawning of that better age sung by poets and foretold by prophets,—the age of peace on earth and good will to all,—then perhaps He will move His children to give us a *hundred times the power we now have to go out into all the world and preach the gospel of kindness to every creature*.

The wonderful increase of our work in the past few years seems to us to say, *Go on extending it without fear and with grateful hearts and the perpetual prayer of thanksgiving—*

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him all creatures here below."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

#### THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

In our last we quoted what Napoleon the First said when urged by some of his generals to conquer China and make it a French province, as the British had India.

*"Better let China alone. The Chinese do no harm at present. If we conquer them we shall teach them the art of war. They may then raise and equip armies, buy or build navies, endanger France and perhaps all Europe."*

In an editorial in a previous paper we urged the making of the Sandwich Islands by agreement of all the great powers *neutral territory* in time of war, all nations being permitted to maintain their naval stations for repairs, etc.

In the light of recent events it looks not impossible that Japan or China may in the not distant future settle the Sandwich Islands question without troubling the remote European powers or our own.

#### IT COST HIM FIFTEEN DOLLARS.

On August 24th Edward H. Welch, of South Boston, bit off his cat's tail. That bite cost him just \$15, which was the amount of fine inflicted upon him by the court on complaint of one of our agents.

#### OUR BLESSED PAVEMENT.

The great question with our city governments and the street authorities of our cities seems to be *not* what pavement is best for horses, carriages, harnesses, and the nerves and restfulness of sick and well people, but what pavement *will wear out* the most horses, carriages, harnesses, and sick and well people, without being worn out itself, and so we have great solid blocks of granite uncovered, or if the pavement be smooth then an asphalt, on which every hoof beat sounds almost as distinctly at all hours of the night as on the wooden bridge or a house floor.

We need not only schools to teach drivers, teamsters, etc., how to humanely train and treat horses, but also schools to teach humanity and common sense to our street commissioners and other street authorities.

#### HORRIBLE SMUDGES.

Boston is getting (in some parts) to be a city of horrible smudges. A few days ago hundreds of ladies in the vicinity of Temple Place had their clothing and faces soiled by one of the vilest that ever descended from any chimney.

As we write a similar smudge (only one of perhaps twenty each day) is pouring out of Houghton & Dutton's chimney, deluging the walls of our new white court house with its vileness, and filling the air for thousands of feet around. A change of wind carries these smudges down upon our city hall, and possibly upon some of the editorial rooms of our Boston dailies. Another change carries them up Beacon street to the Athenæum, and to the rooms occupied by our City Board of Health.

These are only specimens of many others which are allowed to spoil our atmosphere every day, and which a live, active Society for the Protection of Public Health, such as we have many times urged in these columns, would soon abate.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

#### A FREE EVENING SCHOOL FOR DRIVERS, TEAMSTERS, AND OTHERS WHO HAVE THE CARE OF HORSES.

Sometime since we offered, in behalf of our "American Humane Education Society," a prize of \$100 for the best essay on "The Humane Training and Treatment of the Horse." The committee, of which Hon. Daniel Needham, President of the "New England Agricultural Society" was Chairman, awarded the prize to an essay written by H. C. Merwin, Esq., of this city, author of "Road, Track and Stable," the best book, perhaps, ever written for horsemen on the proper scientific treatment of the horse. That essay our "American Humane Education Society" has caused to be very widely circulated, and it has unquestionably done great good.

We are now considering the possibility of establishing in Boston a Free Evening School for drivers, teamsters, and all who have charge of horses, in which, as in other schools, they shall listen to addresses and discussions, and receive instruction in regard to the proper humane training and treatment of the horse, and from which those who attend a proper length of time and pass a proper examination, by answering correctly questions put to them showing that they have acquired sufficient knowledge on the above subjects, shall

receive diplomas which may be of assistance to them in obtaining and retaining positions they may wish as drivers, teamsters, stablemen and otherwise.

The past year has been a very hard one for our Humane as well as other charitable societies; but we should be glad to know if any of our readers, who are abundantly able to do so, would feel willing to *substantially aid* in the establishment of such a Free Evening School, which might become not only permanent in our own city but be a model for similar institutions in all other American and possibly in some European cities.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

#### SIGNS OF DEATH.

VERY IMPORTANT TO PHYSICIANS AND OTHERS.

J. D. Johnson, M. D., one of Pennsylvania's eminent physicians, in the sixteenth edition of his Therapeutic Key, published in Philadelphia last year, writes as follows:

In all cases of apparent death occurring suddenly, or from external violence, and whenever there is any doubt in the matter, extraordinary precautions should be taken in order to settle the question. *The cessation of respiration and circulation* (so far as can be observed) *does not determine the matter, and even the absence of animal heat is not conclusive, for life may exist and recovery take place where this is not an attendant.* In all doubtful cases the following tests should be applied:

1st. Apply the *Stethoscope* to determine if the heart is acting.

2nd. Put the body in a *dark* room, place the hand (with fingers close together) between the eye and a lighted candle; if life is *not extinct*, hand will show *transparent redness* as in life.

3rd. Tie a cord tightly around a finger; if the end becomes *swollen* and *red* life is *not extinct*.

4th. Inject a few drops of Aqua Ammonia under the skin; if life still exists a red or purple spot will form.

5th. Insert a bright steel needle into the flesh; allow it to remain half an hour; if life is extinct it will *tarnish* by oxidation.

6th. Place the surface of a cold mirror over the mouth; if moisture condenses on the surface *respiration* has not ceased.

7th. In from 12 to 18 hours after death eyeballs become soft, inelastic, feel flaccid.

8th. In from 8 to 12 hours after death *hypostasis* or congestion of blood in capillaries begins to form in all depending parts of body.

9th. *Putrefaction* is positive proof of death, and unless this takes place by the end of *third day*, *interment* should be postponed until it does.

As our own father, having been pronounced by his physician dead, and all preparations made for his funeral, came very near being buried alive, we feel, perhaps, more than many of our readers, the importance of the above subject.

We well remember when in Munich, many years ago, visiting the building where every person dying in the city was required to be kept three days with hand attached to bell-rope before burial, and in the meantime to be carefully examined by a skilful physician appointed for that purpose.

We believe this law prevails largely in Germany, and is a great protection not only against burial alive but also against malpractice and poisoning.

If the right kind of a "society for the protection of public health" shall ever be formed in this country very likely one of the things it may advocate may be a somewhat similar precaution here.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Remembering the ocular peculiarities of both nations, it must be interesting to see China and Japan watching each other out of the corners of their eyes.

—Philadelphia Times.





Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over twenty thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

## PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and State] of the president.

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

3. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

4. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

5. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of bands of mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

The troubles we most fear never happen.

People who hope are generally people who help.

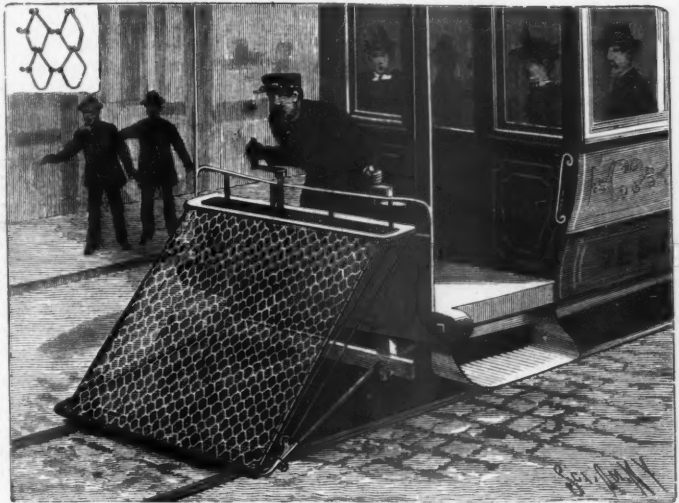
God never gave anybody the right to be disagreeable.

When a man gets religion right his horse soon finds it out.

## THE FIRST ADVERTISER.

Samson, the strong man we read about, was the first to advertise. He took two solid columns to demonstrate his strength, when several thousand people, tumbled into his scheme, and he brought down the house.—*Ex.*

New Pastor—"My brother, I adjure you to love your enemies." Colonel F. of Kentucky—"Impossible! shot the last one this mawmin!"—*Puck.*



## THE LIFE SAVER.

We are indebted to the "Scientific American" for this cut of the invention of Mr. J. J. Beals, of 110 Tremont St., Boston, which it is hoped, may save many lives.

## FEEDING THE PIGEONS.

[From Boston Globe of Sept. 10th.]

A very pretty sight is that which takes place down on the corner of Milk and Hawley streets, up three flights, on the wide projecting stone window sills, every morning at just 11 o'clock. It is the feeding of town pigeons by President George T. Angell of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

This regular feeding has been going on for years, and long ago the birds have learned that if they are there at 11 o'clock they will get a good meal of shelled corn. Some have learned that it is well to come early and be ready for the rush, so many do come early and sit around on the neighboring eaves of the buildings, watching with an eager eye the window in the office of President Angell.

Some of the old-time "feeders" have grown so tame that they will eat out of President Angell's hands, and one day, when he was a little late, and the window was up, he entered the room to find some sitting on his desk, while one was perched on the top of the frame of his picture, which hangs on the wall back of his writing table.

## RUSSIAN JUSTICE.

General Van Wahl, chief constable of the police at St. Petersburg, when he was governor at Kieff, received a visit one day from a poor woman, the widow of a police agent who had fallen a victim to his duty. For a long time she had solicited the pension which was due her. The head of the police to whom she addressed her demand sent her brutally away. What was to become of her and her children? She took the resolution to go and see the Governor, and told him all her story. "Sit down there and write," replied the general, pointing to a writing table. The trembling woman took her seat and wrote from the general's dictation a long supplication. "Now address it and wait for me in the next room."

Two or three minutes afterwards the woman was recalled, and the general gave into her hands a sealed letter, saying to her: "Take this letter to the head constable, take care not to open it, and come back to see me soon as you have the reply." A week passed, at the end of which the woman went to the palace again, but this time joyfully; her pension had been granted, and she thanked the Governor with joy. "It is useless to thank me; I am nothing," said he, "in the affair," and he immediately gave the following order: "The head of the police at Kieff is dismissed from his post and sent into exile. The reason: because he granted a demand after receiving a sum of money for so doing." In the letter which the widow had written to the head of the police General Wahl had, unknown to her, slipped a banknote for twenty-five roubles, which accounted for her supplication being granted.

If such justice as this could be administered in America what would become of lots of our politicians?

Perhaps it will be in the good time coming, which our "American Humane Education Society" and our twenty thousand "Bands of Mercy" are trying to hasten.

## THE MISERABLES AT THE RESERVOIR.

Perhaps we ought to be grateful to the man who has placed for hire at the terminus of our reservoir electric road an ugly looking vehicle called a drag, drawn by four mutilated-for-life miseries, to aid us in exciting the disgust not only of all the members of "our humane leagues" but also of all other humane men, women and children.

We should add that this silly and cruel turnout is accompanied by another man who occasionally blows a horn, (though we think the horn used by fish-peddlers would be more appropriate.)

We little thought, some years ago, when we urged, through the Boston papers, the placing of carriages at the terminus of our various electric roads to accommodate the public with pleasant rides, we should see, at any one of them, such a monstrosity as this. But if it serves to impress more strongly on the public the folly and cruelty of the life-mutilation of man's useful servant, the horse, and to awaken the public press to heap upon the practice the ridicule and denunciation which it deserves, perhaps some advantage may accrue to those whom we have undertaken, so far as lies in our power, to protect.

## THE BOSTON JOURNAL.

A good lady, Hannah Louisa Brown, recently deceased, has kindly left our "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" \$300, with the wish that a part of it may be employed in looking after the horses used by builders in that part of Boston called "The Back Bay."

The Boston Journal, in its issue of Sept. 8th, in an editorial on the subject, says, very properly, that the horses employed by builders on the Back Bay territory are not the only sufferers there. Their dock-tailed, tightly checked aristocratic brothers and sisters no doubt envy them their natural advantages.

To the above we add that there are lots of good people living on the Back Bay who would no more permit their horses than their children to be mutilated for life.

## OUT OF A TIN DISH.

Never feed a dog, cat, or any other animal out of tin dishes. They are poisonous, or soon become so if food is left in them for even a short time.

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, October, 1894.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to  
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a public library, reading-room, or the public room of a large hotel, can send us twenty-five cents in postage stamps and receive a volume containing eighteen papers.

## BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.

## TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty-cent subscription.

Our "American Humane Education Society" sends this paper this month to the editors of about ten thousand newspapers and magazines.

## OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 1652, Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.  
GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to publish this month fifty-eight new branches of our "Parent Band of Mercy," making a total of twenty thousand two hundred and five.

## MARKED COPIES.

We respectfully ask brother editors who kindly send us their papers, to mark articles which they wish us to see. We never intend to miss a marked article, but having as we do sometimes over 100 papers and magazines in a single day, it is simply impossible to see everything they contain.

## OUR PRIZE OFFERS—\$725.

As our readers know, we offer the following prizes:—

First, in behalf of our "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," \$100 for evidence by which we shall be able to convict any person in Massachusetts of violating our law against the life-mutilation of horses by docking; also twenty prizes of \$10 each and forty of \$5 each for evidence by which we shall be enabled to convict any person of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest; also \$25 for evidence by which we shall be able to convict of violating the recently enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

Second, in behalf of our "American Humane Education Society," \$100 for the best short essay, not exceeding three thousand words, on

the best plan of peacefully settling the difficulties between capital and labor; also another \$100 for the best short essay, not exceeding three thousand words, on the best plan of preventing poverty and relieving the poor.

For full particulars write

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## FOR PROTECTION OF DUMB ANIMALS.

At the September meeting of the directors of the American Humane Education Society and Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, President Angell reported the election of Edward H. Clement, Hezekiah Butterworth, Francis J. Garrison, William Dana Orcutt, A. A. H. Meredith, and William M. Horne, as additional life directors. By the completion of a Portuguese translation of "Black Beauty," the society had now obtained its translation into eight European and three Asiatic languages. A third prize story sequel to "Black Beauty" would be issued in November.

Among the peculiar convictions procured by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals during the month, were a man fined \$50 for driving his horse and wagon from the top of Mount Wachusett over a rough mountain path to the base of the mountain; another fined \$15 for biting off his cat's tail, and two Italians arrested and fined for leading a bear over the public roads of Massachusetts to frighten horses and alarm drivers and others. The society's Boston agents had, during the month, dealt with 409 complaints of cruelty, taken 74 horses from work, and mercifully killed 54 horses and other animals. Fifty-eight new "Bands of Mercy" had been formed during the month, making the total 20,205.

SIX NEW ADDITIONAL LIFE DIRECTORS  
OF OUR "AMERICAN HUMANE  
EDUCATION SOCIETY."

It being deemed advisable to increase the number of directors of our "American Humane Education Society," the following gentlemen have been elected:—

Mr. Edward H. Clement, editor-in-chief of The Boston Daily Evening Transcript, Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth, of The Youth's Companion, Mr. Frank J. Garrison, of the publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Mr. Wm. Dana Orcutt, of the University Press, Cambridge, and Messrs. Albert A. H. Meredith and Wm. M. Horne, who are also directors of our "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

The directors of our "American Humane Education Society" [the first and only one of its kind in the world] being elected for life, and its incorporation by act of the legislature of Massachusetts with power to hold half a million of dollars free from taxation, give it, like some of our great trust companies, a permanency which, so far as we are aware, no other of our humane societies has.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

VIVISECTIONS AND DISSECTIONS IN  
OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

I hereby offer, in behalf of The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, \$25 for evidence by which the Society shall convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

## \$100 PRIZE.

We offer, in behalf of "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," \$100 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing a horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

## OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

"Black Beauty," old gold edition, 6 cents, or sent by mail 10 cents; cloth bound 25 cents, or sent by mail 30 cents. "Strike at Shane's," paper covers, 6 cents. "Hollyhurst," paper covers, 8 cents. "Mr. Angell's Autobiography," paper covers, 6 cents. Either one by mail, 10 cents. Each of these three cloth bound 20 cents, or sent by mail 25 cents.

Postage stamps as acceptable as any other remittance. Also "Beautiful Joe," at publishers' prices, 60 cents, or sent by mail 72 cents.

"HOLLYHURST" AND "THE STRIKE AT  
SHANE'S."

"Press Clipping Bureau" offers us thirty copies of kind press notices of the above for \$1.50. We have already in our exchanges hundreds and possibly thousands of just such notices.

Humane League for the Protection  
of Horses.

"We, the undersigned, of the State of Mass. hereby pledge ourselves that we will never, except in case of absolute necessity, hire or ride on or behind any horse mutilated for life by docking, and we will, to the best of our ability, endeavor to discourage the continuance of this barbarous and cruel outrage to the horse."

Please write us by postal or letter, and we will send the pledge and a photograph of twenty-two men mounted on their mutilated horses.

To everyone in Massachusetts, old or young, who will send us one of these pledges signed by twenty-five persons, old or young, we will send, post-paid, a copy of one of our prize stories, "Black Beauty," "Hollyhurst," or "The Strike at Shane's," whichever may be preferred, and in cases where fifty signatures have been obtained, we will send two of the stories, post-paid, and in cases where seventy-five signatures have been obtained, we will send all three of the prize stories post-paid. The signatures may be of either adults or children, and to each signer who gives us full signature and post-office address will be sent a handsome certificate of membership of "The Humane League."

Write Geo. T. Angell, President, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

## THAT PERFORMING BEAR.

The "Inquirer and Mirror," of Nantucket, Mass., thinks it would have been better for our agent who arrested the Italians at Onset, Mass., and caused their bear to be shot, to have shot the men and kindly cared for the bear.

The fact in regard to that case is this: These Italians had been several times warned by our agents, and in spite of the warnings had gone on leading the bear over the hot and dusty roads of Massachusetts, with great suffering to the bear, and great danger to the people driving horses, and especially in cases where horses were driven by ladies. It became clear that there was only one way to stop the business in this Commonwealth, and that was to arrest the men, and as no one else was willing to undertake the custody of the bear, to mercifully shoot the animal.

There is nothing in the law to prevent anybody's carrying bears humanely over our roads in strong covered vehicles and exhibiting them on premises where the right to exhibit them has been obtained.

## A BEAUTIFUL PLACARD.

We have had a beautiful placard printed, nine inches by five, containing our society seals and two cuts and the following in large print, which we will cheerfully send to those who will put them up where they will do good:—

If you have any pity for suffering horses—  
Don't ride in any vehicle drawn by a poor-looking horse.

Or employ an expressman or teamster who drives one.

Don't ride behind a docked horse, or one tightly checked, if you can help it.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



## VERY IMPORTANT TO HORSE OWNERS, DRIVERS AND TEAMSTERS.

The strength required of an average sized team of horses, and the strain on the horses to draw a heavy load over stones or out of a deep rut, hole, or over many other avoidable obstacles, is often greater than to draw the same load over a smooth surface fifty yards.

It would be a small estimate to say a careless driver strains his team in that manner twenty times a day.

If a driver prevents straining his horses twenty times each day he will save them 1000 yards of unnecessary pulling, and in the 300 working days of the year 300,000 yards, and in five years 1,500,000 yards,—nearly 1000 miles.

With proper judgment and carefulness the driver, at the end of the five years, will have, in place of a team of weak, overworked, bony horses, a team of healthy and strong ones.

From a business point of view will it not pay any horse owner, driver or teamster to be careful and considerate, and to avoid all unnecessary strains on horses?

And how can humane horse owners better aid in making their drivers careful and considerate than by supplying them each month with a copy of your excellent monthly paper "*Our Dumb Animals*?"

H. J. CRAFT.

## DISEASED CATTLE.

We are notified by letter from Walter Church, Esq., of this city, that he has reliable information that a very considerable number of cattle afflicted with "lump-jaw" are shipped to and killed in Eastern markets; that it is a contagious, incurable disease, which attacks human beings, cattle, sheep, swine, and sometimes the dog, though the horse usually escapes; that these animals are bought at a low price and sold as cheap meat, which goes principally to the poor, endangering the health of those who eat it.

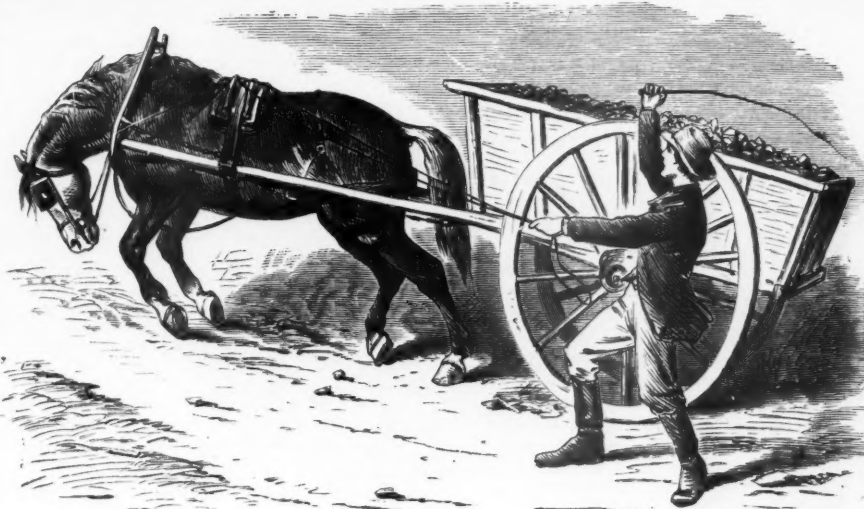
We have notified our City and State Boards of Health, and have written Dr. D. E. Salmon, Chief of the Bureau of Animal Industries, Agricultural Department, Washington, D. C.; but as our paper goes to the editors of all American publications north of Mexico we think it well to publish this notice, to put people in other sections of the country on their guard against these diseased animals.

## HAVANA, CUBA.

We have recently been called upon by an Episcopal clergyman stationed at Havana, who has become earnestly awakened to the importance of introducing our humane literature and work into the Island of Cuba. We furnish him Spanish copies of "*Black Beauty*," a variety of our humane literature, agree to put bound volumes of "*Our Dumb Animals*" onto all the steamers plying between this country and Cuba, and urge the importance of bringing before the Roman Catholic church authorities and people of that island the fact that the Roman Catholic church of America approves and aids our work.

"Next Sunday, brethren," said the pastor, "I shall preach on the subject, '*What your neighbors are saying about you.*'" It is recorded that the Rev. Dr. Goodman preached the following Sunday to the largest audience that ever assembled in the church.

No true and permanent fame can be founded except in labors for the happiness and good of mankind.



AN OVERLOADED HORSE.

## A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

In all the Boston dailies of August 29th and 30th appeared a caution to the public against certain parties who purported to represent a humane paper published in St. Paul, Minn., entitled "*The Humane World*."

In the Boston dailies of September 8th, 9th and 10th appeared another notice that the parties who had been canvassing for this "*Humane World*," having become satisfied that they had been deceived in regard to the manager of said paper, had promptly declined to act any longer as its agents and were now canvassing for the publications of "*The American Humane Education Society*" and "*The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*."

The explanation of the matter is this: The manager of said St. Paul paper is one B. F. Gilkison, concerning whom, as appears in the "*Boston Globe*" of August 31st, Mr. Albert W. Landon, publisher of "*The Humane Journal*" at Chicago, has written to Hon. Henry B. Hill of "*The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*" as follows:

"Benjamin F. Gilkison, editor and manager of '*The Humane World*,' is, in our opinion, the most unscrupulous swindler out. There are at present nine indictments against him for swindling '*The Illinois Humane Society*,' and he served one indictment here in the county jail. It would take a good sized book to write up all the swindling operations of B. F. Gilkison and the so-called '*Humane World*' of St. Paul."

Another letter, from the secretary of "*The St. Paul Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*" to Mr. Hill, states that "*The Humane World*" has no recognition from the Minnesota societies, that Gilkison had changed its name two or three times, that he had been trying to sell tickets in the city representing educational work, which the society had put a stop to."

We are glad to add to the above statements that Mr. and Mrs. Horace J. Craft, who were formerly canvassing for him, are now canvassing for this paper with great success, having secured over 700 subscriptions in the first two weeks.

## THE POPULARITY OF OUR HUMANE SOCIETIES AND THIS PAPER.

Perhaps no better evidence can be given of the above than that Mr. Craft, with whom we have recently arranged to canvass for "*Our Dumb Animals*" in Boston, obtained on his first day, Sept. 10th, [about the hottest of the whole season, and following the most uncomfortable night of the whole season] sixty-four subscriptions.

## THE LAWYERS.

We have been sending "*Our Dumb Animals*" for some years to all the lawyers in Massachusetts.

Several wills in favor of our two societies have already been one of the results.

We are just notified that Hon. Stephen G. Nash [ex-judge], recently deceased, has left our "*Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*" \$1000, together with a residuary interest likely to add \$400 more, and by-the-way, we recall that one of the best songs in our "*Band of Mercy*" song book was written by the judge's good wife.

## TO BANK PRESIDENTS AND CASHIERS.

We are glad to send "*Our Dumb Animals*" monthly to the presidents and cashiers of all Massachusetts banks without charge, asking nothing in return. But we hope they will not think it improper for us to say that every donation kindly sent us helps to support and increase our work and make happier the condition of the lower races whom we call dumb.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## A KIND LETTER FROM A BANK PRESIDENT.

From a gentleman known to bank officers and others throughout the state as the president of one of our oldest and largest Boston banks:

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:—My last contribution to your cause was made anonymously, but this time I will make it over my own signature that I may have the pleasure of giving expression to the satisfaction which I feel in reference to your noble work. I enjoy reading the articles in your paper because they are replete with sound common sense,—an article which is rare in these days.

I admire your pluck, your courage, your devotion, and your manly independence. You have certainly merited the success which has crowned your labors, and I hope you will live on at least for twenty years that you may participate in their full fruition.

Yours truly,

AMOS W. STETSON.

We like to receive, as we do, many such kind letters. We like to publish some of them occasionally because they help to inspire confidence in our work and give us increased power to enlarge it; but we claim no personal merit in the simply carrying out of plans and thoughts which come to us in the day and the night from we know not where.

RESOLUTION PASSED UNANIMOUSLY AT THE SEPTEMBER MEETING OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY:

*Resolved*, That the Directors of "The American Humane Education Society" desire to put on their records their deep sense of indebtedness to Miss Georgiana Kendall, of New York City:

First, For many kind and generous donations received from her, and through her, to aid in supporting and extending our humane work.

Second, For the bringing to the notice of our President, a few years ago, the wonderful book "Black Beauty," which has led already to its circulation in our own and various foreign languages of nearly two million copies.

Third, For her constant and wise efforts to extend the circulation of our humane publications and to increase our influence and success in the promotion of "peace on earth" and "kindness, justice and mercy to all living creatures."

#### OUR MASSACHUSETTS LAW AGAINST VIVISECTION AND DISSECTIONS IN SCHOOLS.

SECTION 1. No teacher or other person employed in any public school of this Commonwealth shall, in the presence of any scholar, in said school, or any child or minor there present, practice vivisection, nor, in such presence, exhibit any animal upon which vivisection has been practised.

SECT. 2. Dissection of dead animals, or any portions thereof, in the public schools of this Commonwealth, in no instance shall be for the purpose of exhibition, but in every case shall be confined to the class-room and the presence of those pupils engaged in that study to be illustrated by such dissection.

SECT. 3. Any person violating the provisions of this act shall be punished by a fine of not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars.

We offer \$25 for evidence which shall enable us to convict any teacher in Massachusetts who may choose to become a criminal by a violation of this law.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

#### DISSECTIONS IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

We are glad to notice that Dr. Albert Leffingwell's article on the above subject, originally published in the "Journal of Education," is being widely republished in other journals throughout the country. We think no sensible and humane teacher can read that article and continue the practice of either dissection or vivisection in his or her school. We give the following brief extracts:

"Then, too, there is yet another danger. The desire, the ambition to imitate is one of the first instincts of conscious life. I question whether there was ever experiment in class-room that some child or children did not try to imitate it in private or by themselves. Suppose it is merely a dissection of a rabbit just killed. Some child or children will wish to repeat it — and kill the rabbit themselves. Then you have initiated childhood into private vivisection. Is that advisable? Admit that you caution your class against such repetitions. But you cannot easily convince an inquiring mind that what it is right for the teacher to do in public may not also be copied in the privacy of his own room, and in the presence of his classmates."

"Dangerous and unnecessary. These are the words which, in the august name of Science, may we not stamp upon all methods of instruction in our public schools which make for the brutalization of childhood by inducing early familiarity with the sacrifice of life?"

#### CARBOLIC SOAP.

In our September number a friend advised using carbolie soap to wash the sores of dogs. Another friend claims that there is great danger of poisoning dogs by the use of carbolie soap.

#### WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

We are glad to learn of the formation of "The Winnipeg Humane Society," and to send them, by request, a package of our humane literature.

"And not by Eastern windows only  
When daylight comes, comes in the light;  
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,  
But Westward look, the land is bright!"

#### A GREAT BAND OF MERCY.

We are pleased to find in the "Illinois Humane Journal" a fine photo of our good friend and frequent correspondent Mr. Wm. H. Bradley, of Milwaukee, and another of R. J. O'Hanlon, Principal of one of Milwaukee's largest public schools, who has organized his seventeen teachers and about eight hundred pupils into a great Band of Mercy.

#### RHODE ISLAND.

The last annual report of the Rhode Island Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for the year ending March 31, 1894, shows a very wide-awake society, doing lots of good work.

#### THE CHICAGO STRIKE STARVING HORSES.

We find in the "Cincinnati Humane World Educator" an account of how Debs & Co. caused several hundreds of horses to be starved to death. If this charge is true Debs & Co. have a good deal to answer for.

#### MORPHINE.

Among answers to our editorial in September in relation to relief of pain, Dr. Chas. H. Oakes, of Clinton, Mass., urges that animals should not be compelled to swallow the tremendous doses given them, but that they can be successfully treated homeopathically.

We commend this opinion to the careful consideration of our veterinarians.

#### TO BIND "OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

H. H. Ballard, President of "The Agassiz Association," Pittsfield, Mass., writes us that he has a very good invention for binding copies of papers like "Our Dumb Animals," in various forms and at various prices. Full information can be obtained by writing to Mr. Ballard.

#### A TWO-MILLION-DOLLAR COMMA.

"Oh, punctuation marks are not of much account. They're just put in for looks. I don't want to bother about them."

Such are the sentiments of a good many school-boys with regard to this branch of letter and composition writing. Others again appear to think that all that is necessary is to put in a comma here and there at hap-hazard to set off the "look of the thing." How risky this way of doing things is may be learned from the following incident:

It seems that some twenty years ago, when the United States, by its congress, was making a tariff bill, one of the sections enumerated what articles should be admitted free of duty. Among the articles specified were "all foreign fruit-plants," etc., meaning plants important for transplanting, propagation or experiment.

The enrolling clerk, in copying the bill, accidentally changed the hyphen in the compound word "fruit-plants" to a comma, making it read "all foreign fruit, plants," etc. As a result of this simple mistake, for a year, or until Congress could remedy the blunder, all the oranges, lemons, bananas, grapes, and other foreign fruits were admitted free of duty. This little mistake, which anyone would be liable to make, yet could have been avoided by carefulness, cost the government not less than two million dollars. A pretty costly comma that!

#### FOR FARMERS AND OTHERS.

We shall issue, in behalf of our "American Humane Education Society" in November a third most interesting prize story, specially designed to influence farmers, granges, and all who have to do with dumb animals in country towns. It is already copyrighted, and its name is "Four Months in New Hampshire."

#### THE BAPTIST TEACHER, OF PHILADELPHIA,

Kindly says of our "Autobiographical sketches": "The story is told in a simple, straightforward manner, without any pretence or mock modesty, and is full of thrilling incidents." It advises all its readers to send ten cents for the book, unless they are afraid their pocketbooks may be unduly influenced by its thrilling descriptions.

#### FROM THE NEW CHURCH INDEPENDENT, CHICAGO.

"Our Dumb Animals" for August contains a powerful editorial on the recent troubles, strikes and other subjects of importance, under the heading: "What Fools these Mortals Be." We advise our readers to send for this number.

#### PLANT WILD CHERRY TREES.

A friend writes us: Tell humane people in city and country to plant wild cherry trees. They are a native American tree, hardy, with clean, beautiful foliage, will grow in the backyard as well as in the open country, and the children will be delighted to pick what cherries they can reach and the birds will feast on the rest. It is a rapid growing tree and costs but a little at the agricultural stores.

#### FUNNY LETTERS.

We might fill a large portion of this paper with such letters as the following, which are being constantly sent us:

"Are Mr. Angell's addresses to the Boston Public Schools published monthly? If so please tell me the price."

"I think a man in this city (Lynn) is starving his horse, but will not give you my name or his. Please send one of your agents to investigate."

The above compare very well with a letter requesting us to have all our electric car tracks so changed that they shall cross no street on grade, and another requesting us to write a "Life of Christ" for young people, which we answered by saying that we did not believe we could write a better life of Christ for either young or old people than has been already written in the New Testament.

#### THE MISSOURI PRESBYTERIAN SABBATH SCHOOL ASSEMBLY.

We are pleased but rather surprised to receive this morning an earnest invitation to deliver a series of addresses before this assembly in August of next year, 1895. We certainly wish we might be able in August of next year to attend this assembly, but having determined it a duty to hereafter speak with our pen rather than our voice we must deny ourself the gratification of accepting this very kind invitation.

#### WHAT CAN CAPITALISTS DO TO LESSEN THE CONFLICTS BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOR?

(1.) Avoid all public displays of wealth which tend to make the poor more dissatisfied.

(2.) Do to the deserving poor whenever and wherever you meet them precisely what you would like to have them do to you if they were rich and you were poor.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



[For Our Dumb Animals.]

## AN EXPERIENCE IN THE LIFE OF MRS. PARET, WIFE OF THE BISHOP OF MARYLAND.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

Years ago, when quite young, I saw an act of cruelty to a dumb animal, the remembrance of which has never left me. It opened my eyes for the first time in my life to the fact that God's dumb creatures were very, very often subjected to terrible cruelty, often through thoughtlessness, often, too, through the hardness and wickedness of human hearts.

I was walking down a road in a country place when I noticed a cart coming, a yoke of oxen in front and a man driving them, swearing at the poor dumb brutes very dreadfully. Then, to my horror, he seized a pitchfork and jammed it into the head of one of the oxen. For a moment I almost fainted, then, with one bound of agony I rushed up to the man, and bursting into tears told him he was not fit to live, that God would surely punish him for that dreadful act of cruelty. I could say no more, but I went to the young girl to whom he was engaged to be married and told her what I saw. Enough for me to say that she never married him, no doubt feeling, as I did, that such a cruel, wicked man would never be kind to her or to any human being, and that he "had the mark of Cain upon him."

From that time forward I made up my mind that my whole future life should be given, as far as possible, to the protection of God's dumb animals, and to use all the influence that I possessed in the training of the young in acts of gentleness, mercy and kindness to all those who could not plead for themselves.

Now, thank God! I have a "Band of Mercy" of one hundred and seventy souls, who have pledged themselves to be merciful and kind to every living creature. M. G. PARET.

## WHAT THE BISHOP SAID.

FROM "A SOCIAL VISION."

BY CHARLES DANIEL.

"The Bishop often spoke to the young of the duty of being kind to animals. He maintained that in making a child really thoughtful and kind at heart the hardness and cruelties of the man in his relations with his fellow man would pass away. He believed that if the principles of the 'Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals' were thoroughly instilled and carried out to their logical conclusions, the refined cruelties of otherwise decent men would disappear. Teach a boy not to starve or torment a rat in a trap, or work a horse without food, or stone a dog just for fun, and he will see the force of it; and there can even be aroused an indignation when such things are done. When this has been accomplished and kindness has really become a principle, then carry the matter a step farther, and ask the boy not to be unkind to any sort of animal, not even to his fellow man. Tell him that it is wrong to cage a man, that is, take advantage of some unfortunate situation in which he may be placed, and starve or torment him; tell him that it is wrong to work a man without proper food or housing; tell him it is cruel to break hearts or draw blood by cunning ways of trade and proceedings in law courts. Make the boy really kind at heart, so that it becomes a principle, an enthusiasm, and it will become effective, not only in his treatment of dumb creatures, but he will begin to treat humanely his

A wise man knows the value of silence when a child cross-examines him before his friends.—Adams Freeman.

A very wise man once said that when he began to feel too important he got a map of the universe and tried to find himself on it.

"He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry." (Ps. 147:9.)

"Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills." (Ps. 50:10.)



FEEDING THE OXEN.

fellow man. He once made the startling statement that if the teachings of the Society were thoroughly instilled for two generations it would turn the law courts into museums, and we would go to them as we would visit a medieval torture chamber, or some room filled with geological fossils; we would have no other use for them, and no one could be found willing to serve in them. I agreed with him, and said they must act. So one day he bought an armful of books—"Black Beauty"—and stationed himself outside the door of the Law Department of the University and waited for the dismissal of the class, and gave a copy to each student."

## PEACE ON EARTH.

In Europe to-day 3,000,000 men, the physical flower of the Continent, have been drilling, marching and counter-marching, practicing at targets, learning the use of bayonet and sabre, and performing as nearly as possible in sham fights the evolutions of actual war. It was so yesterday and last year, and through all the yesterdays of twenty years. Seven times during this period has the personnel of this vast host been renewed; consequently there are now about 20,000,000 Europeans not yet beyond middle life who have been trained to the fighter's profession, and who could at briefest notice take their place in the active army or in the reserve.

Every city has its barracks and parade grounds, every frontier frowns with a double row of fortifications. At the end of the nineteenth century Europe, from the Douré to the Don, is a camp, wherein ten times 300,000 of her able-bodied men are bivouacking, ready at a sign to spring to arms and slay each other.

My girl had come home from vacation. Her skin was burned brown as could be. "I hope you have not been a tomboy," I said, as she flopped on my knee. "You're no longer a schoolgirl, my darling; You must cultivate grace and repose. Did you read those good books that I sent you?"—But here she turned up her dear nose. "I met a nice fellow from Boston," She said; "a most cultured young man. We devoted our days unto 'Browning,' And that's how I got this fine tan."

—New York Herald.

## OUR PRESIDENTS KILLING FOR FUN.

It has been the business of this paper for more than a quarter of a century to denounce the taking of either human or animal life simply for fun. On the first page of its first number, of which we printed, twenty-six years ago, 200,000 copies, we put these words of Cowper:

"I would not enter on my list of friends, Though graced with polished manners and fine sense, Yet wanting sensibility, the man Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

And those words have stood on the first page of our paper ever since.

No one can more regret than we to be compelled, as we were in our July number, to speak as we did of the two last Presidents of the United States, who have received the votes and kind wishes of so many millions of their fellow countrymen, and to say to the American press through this paper, sent to the editors of all American publications north of Mexico, that these Presidents should have set a better example to the million or more children gathered in our American "Bands of Mercy," whose mottoes are "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every harmless living creature," than they have set in leaving their presidential duties to wound and kill harmless creatures simply for fun.

The last trip of our present President, according to the Washington Post, resulted in the death (saying nothing of the wounded who escaped) of three hundred and eighty-five birds, which were probably enjoying the life their Creator had given them quite as much as the readers of the article.

It was no pleasant task to speak of the wrong doing of these distinguished men, and to compare them with Abraham Lincoln, who would as soon have cut off his right arm as to have engaged in such cruel sport, or with Grant, Lee, Sherman, or England's great Irish general, the Duke of Wellington, all distinguished for their humanity to God's lower creatures.

But it was and is plainly a duty which, if we hesitated for one moment to discharge, we should be false to those whom we have undertaken to protect, and unworthy to hold the place which, under Divine Providence, or otherwise, as our readers may choose to think, we have now held for more than a quarter of a century. GEO. T. ANGELL

## OUR PRESIDENTS.

Our article in June on "Our Presidents Killing for Fun" has called out editorials in many papers.

We take the following from "The Taunton Evening News":

"Our Presidents have not gone to the field and the swamp to procure food for hungry families as did the huntsmen of old and as do the Indians to-day, but they shoot the winged inhabitants of the air and water for fun,—for the pleasure of seeing them fall. That

this is a pleasure to them we are bound to believe, since it is always spoken of as 'sport.'

There is no ground upon which this shooting for fun can be excused. To believe that the Creator made birds for flying targets for men to shoot at is to blaspheme. The birds have as good a right to live as have President Cleveland or Ex-President Harrison, and the only good reason which either would have for killing them would be to obtain food."

### WILD WINGS.

A TALE TOLD FOR A BOY [OR MAN] WITH A GUN.

Mrs. Fairchild-Allen, of Aurora, Ill., sends us a touching little story describing the happiness of a young canvas-back duck, until it fell with a broken wing, wounded by a hunter, and then its subsequent starvation and suffering, until just at the point of death it was found and rescued by a humane father and son, taken to their humane home and nourished and brought back to health and happiness. Not having space for the whole, we give the following extract:

"Pretty soon the lady's soft fingers wandered over my shrunken body. 'It is most starved, too,' she exclaimed. 'Get some meal and warm water mixed, and we'll try to have it eat,—poor little Wild Wings. Doubtless he has been suffering for days. What a pity people can't amuse themselves without hurting some live creature! They are blind to the beauty of life and happiness and innocence, and cruelly destroy that which they cannot restore.'

I had little appetite now, but I swallowed some of the warm meal they put into my mouth. I also ventured to open my eyes and found myself the centre of a happy family. Towser sat between Ralph's knees watching operations, and appeared as interested as any one. A well-fed cat was lying on a comfortable cushion. It got up and perched itself on the mistress's lap, quite near me, and smelled of me, but purred all the time, so I was not afraid of it either. There was another dog,—a little one,—that stood upon his hind legs with his paws upon the lady's knee. He also licked me lovingly on my head.

My mother had always charged me to flee as for my life from men, boys and dogs. But this group seemed different from any she or I had ever heard of. Some birds were singing right in the room—tiny little yellow creatures in cages, almost in reach of the cat and dogs. But nobody in that household seemed likely to hurt anybody else. (I feel sure, however, that all creatures with wings should fly free in the air.)

Finally I was laid away in a box of straw in a comfortable corner, and night came on. My broken wing ached; but I knew the kind gentleman and his sweet wife had done for me the best they knew how, so I resolved to bear it as best I could. I dozed off occasionally and knew when they all came to the box and looked at me with words of pity. The dogs and cat came too, and looked over the edge of my nest, but I was not afraid. I knew they were not hungry, and would not try to eat me, for they were all fat and had their meals regularly after the family.

When supper was over that night quite a flock of neighborhood boys came in. They sat around the table and read stories about great men that loved birds and animals of all kinds. They told about an emperor who left a costly tent on the battlefield so that a swallow which had built her nest in the top of it should not be disturbed with her little ones. They read about a man named Daniel Webster who loved his cattle, and when he was dying had them all driven past his window so he could speak to them by their names for the last time. Then another, Abraham Lincoln, got down from his horse one day to lift a little bird from the ground and put it in its nest; and there were so many other stories of the same kind with great men's names I couldn't remember them, so I lay my head on my straw and went to sleep.

Finally I heard a shuffling of chairs, and the boys stood up in a row and said all together: 'I promise to be kind to all creatures within my reach, and to protect them as far as I can from cruelty and ill usage.' I heard the words 'Band of Mercy,' and concluded I must be one of the creatures they had promised to protect.

Then the boys came to my box and one said: 'What are you going to do with him?' I knew they meant me; and Ralph's father answered, 'We are going to try to restore him to the free, happy

life which belongs to him, and of which no one had any right to rob him. Ralph, and Towser, and I love to go out and see the wild, beautiful things enjoying their lives. And we don't know of any right to destroy or hurt them in any way. There is plenty of good food without going to hunt creatures who beautify and enliven the forests and lakes.' All the boys said 'That's so!' And I am too weak and sleepy and happy now to think of anything more but the boys and the pleasant voices of the happy family as they put the cat and dogs away in their comfortable places and say to each other their soft 'good-nights.'

MORNING.—My wing does not hurt so badly, and I am hungry. Ralph is stirring something in a tin cup and as he stands over me I'm sure it is for my breakfast. This must be Paradise, and after my mother and brothers have suffered maybe they will get here too. I hear a sweet voice praying for all creatures who suffer and all people who do wrong—that the innocent may live unharmed and that the hearts of those who would hurt them be changed under the soft pleadings of the Angel of Mercy."

### THE BEAUTIFUL WHITE-WINGED FLORIDA IBIS.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

These beautiful birds are becoming very scarce in Florida since huntsmen have been killing them to sell their white wings for the hats and bonnets of Christian women.

The Southern Cross uplifts one glowing star  
Between the horizon and the Gulf afar;  
I watch the light from the lone river bar,  
And gaze across the sea.

A sea, on which an hundred sunsets flow,  
Whose tides around an hundred islands glow,  
Where lies the sky above in deeps below,  
A shadow falls on me.

Has Heaven opened?—do evangels fly,  
As in the prophet's Heaven, across the sky?  
An hundred silver wings now fill my eye,  
A cloud of wings, as one.

O Ibis, Ibis! whose thin wings of white  
Scarce stir the roses of the sunset light,  
When Day dissolving leaves the coasts to-night,  
And far seas hide the sun;

From weedy welts where blaze the tropic noons,  
Savannas dark where cool the fiery moons;  
From still Lake Worth, and mossy-walled lagoons,  
Where never footsteps stray;

To far Clear Water, and its isles of pine;  
From beryl seas to seas of opaline,  
Those level coasts where helpless sea conchs shine  
Thou driftest on thy way!

O Ibis, Ibis, bird of Hermes bold,  
The avatar to men from gates of gold,  
That blest all eyes that saw thy wings of old,  
My thought, like thee, hath wings.

I follow thee as cool the shadows fall,  
And burn the stars on yon horizon's wall;  
And Memphis altars, as my thoughts recall,  
My soul to thee upsprings!

My heart to-night with Nature's soul is thrilled  
As with the fire that priests of Isis filled  
When rose thy wings and all the world was stilled  
Beneath thy lucent plumes!

O Ibis, Ibis, whence thy silent flight  
O'er everglades that only fire-flies light,  
Magnolias languid with their blooms, when Night  
Gathers from far her glooms;

O'er mossy live-oaks, high palmetto shades,  
The cyressed lakelets of the everglades;  
O'er rivers dead, and still pines' colonnades,  
Where sweet the jessamine grows;

Where red blooms flame amid the trailing moss,  
And streams unnumbered low lianas cross,  
Wild orange groves, where in their nests of floss  
The sun-birds find repose?

But hark! what sound upon the stillness breaks?  
A rifle shot!—a boatman on the lakes;  
An Ibis's wing above in silver flakes—  
A white bird downward falls!

O Ibis, Ibis, of the tropic skies,  
For whom the arches of the sunsets rise,  
God made this world to be thy Paradise,  
Thy Eden without walls!

O Ibis dead, that on the dark lake floats,  
Whose dimming eyes see not the sportsmen's boats,  
O'er whose torn wing some brutal instinct gloats,  
I wonder if in thee

Live not some spirit,—so the Egyptian thought,—  
Some inner life from Life's great Fountain brought,  
Something divine from God's great goodness caught,  
Some immortality!

Are all these Paradises dead to thee?  
The cool savanna and the purple sea;  
The air, thy ocean, where thou wanderest free,—  
I wonder, are they dead?

Or has thou yet a spirit life that flies  
Like thine own image through the endless skies?  
And art thou to some new-born Paradise  
By higher instincts led?

Is death, like life, alike to all that live?  
Does God to all a double being give?  
Do all that breathe eternal life receive?  
Is thought, where'er it be,

Immortal as the Source from whence it came?  
O living Ibis, in the sunset's flame,  
Still flying westward thou and I, the same,  
Can answer not—but He!

### POOR, BUT RICH.

Once, in New England, says a writer in the "Out-look," I was driving with an old farmer, and some of the men of the neighborhood came under criticism. Speaking of a prominent man in the village I asked, "He is a man of means?"

"Well, sir," the farmer replied, "he ain't got much money, but he's mighty rich."

"He has a great deal of land, then?" I asked.

"No, sir, he ain't got much land, neither, but still he is mighty rich."

The old farmer, with a pleased smile, observed my puzzled look for a moment and then explained:

"You see, he ain't got much money, and he ain't got much land, but still he is rich, because he never went to bed owing any man a cent in all his life. He lives as well as he wants to live, and he pays as he goes; he doesn't owe anything, and he ain't afraid of anybody; he tells every man the truth, and does his duty by himself, his family, and his neighbors, his word is as good as a bond, and every man, woman and child in the town looks up to him and respects him. No, sir, he ain't got much money, and he ain't got much land, but still he is a mighty rich man, because he's got all he needs and all he wants."

I assented to the old farmer's deductions, for I thought them entirely correct. When a man has all he needs and all he wants he is certainly rich, and when he lacks these things he is certainly poor.

### A NEWSBOY'S KINDNESS.

The words of Shakespeare, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," were never more forcibly illustrated than in the case of the paralyzed newsboy who sits in a wheel chair on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Third Street. He first made his appearance there about two years ago, and his wan, pinched face plainly indicated that he had long been an invalid.

The newsboys all sympathize with him. They help him fold and arrange his papers. On warm days they take turns fanning him, carry his little folding table and assist him in various ways.

One day during the late hot spell, a ragged urchin with a bundle of papers under his arm, barefooted and dirt-begrimed, and carrying a tin pail in his hand, walked up to the cashier's window in a store not far from where the cripple sits. Rapping on the window he attracted the attention of the cashier, and as he stood on his tiptoes he handed in his pail, while a smile as bewitching as any society belle is capable of encircled his dirty face, displaying a set of teeth pearly white and as beautiful as nature could form them. His large, lustrous, sparkling black eyes caught those of the cashier, and he said, "Say, mister, der lame bloke what sells papers in der wagon on der corner wants a drink of ice water."

As the man who handles the cash passed out the pail of water the juvenile remarked, "Tanks, mister; you know der kid's awful lame and can't walk."

The New York newsboy is a rough, slangy, harum scarum, devil-may-care and often mischievous individual, but generally his heart is in the right place.

—New York Herald.

The man that lives to make the world happy is the happy man.



## A SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF PUBLIC HEALTH.

In the *Boston Transcript* of Sept. 1st we find an article setting forth the great death rate of infants in our cities resulting from the use of dangerous milk.

We have no hesitation in saying that in the city of Boston alone *thousands of infants have died from this cause*. And this is only one out of a hundred dangerous things which can only be properly dealt with by "a society for the protection of public health," to be like the societies for the protection of dumb animals, supported by voluntary subscriptions and gifts, entirely independent of city and state politics, ready to attack the richest and most powerful men in the state whenever they ought to be attacked, employing chemists and microscopists whom nobody can bribe, publishing once a month and sending to the editors of every newspaper in the state all facts pertaining to the public health which it shall be able to discover, and fearlessly denouncing and prosecuting all who ought to be denounced and prosecuted.

Years ago (as those who have read our autobiography know) we expended hundreds of dollars in money from our own pocket, and thousands of dollars of time in endeavoring to establish such a society, which should be able to protect the public from the millions of dollars engaged in poisonous and dangerous adulterations, and the sale of poisonous and dangerous articles, and we do now most earnestly hope that some public spirited citizen of less age and with less responsibilities than we now have may win for himself national gratitude by carrying out successfully this most important work.

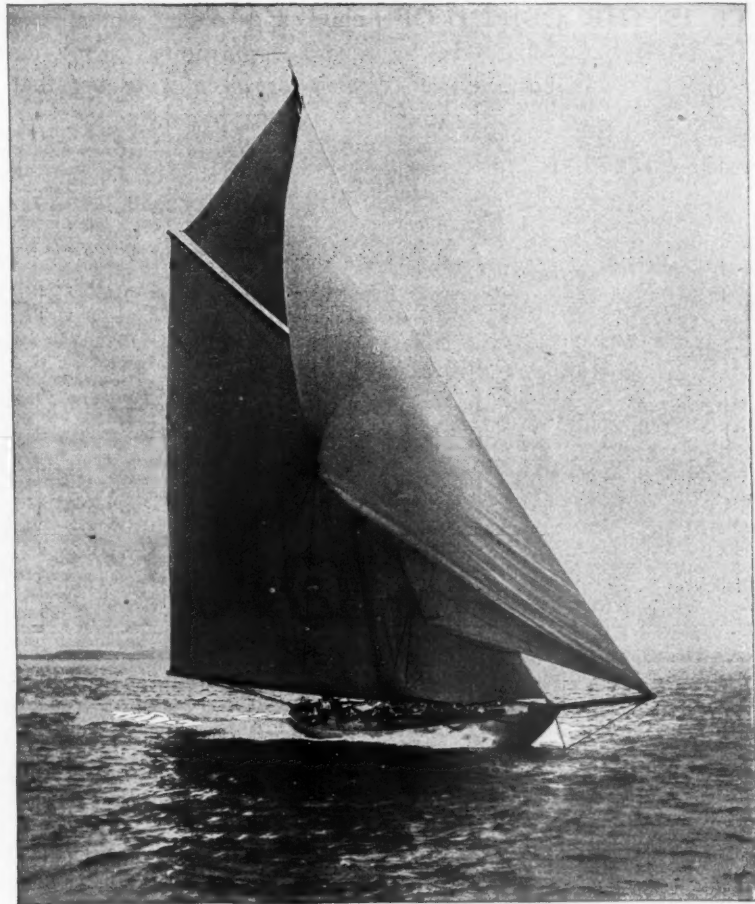
GEO. T. ANGELL.

### "ENTRE NOUS,"

in the *Boston Herald* of Sept. 2nd, tells of the affection of a New Jersey horse for his former master, who sold him after many years' service. The horse, it seems, was taken several miles from his old home, but two months after his departure he was found one morning in the stableyard waiting to go into his old stall. He was returned to his new master. Some time after this he was again sold,—in fact he changed hands three times, and was finally taken to a distant township. But last week his original master found old Ben again standing at the stable door waiting for admittance, and with him a brown dog, who had been, as it proved, the horse's constant companion since his previous sale. Not knowing who Ben's present owner might be, there was a family debate what to do, for the evident affection of the dumb creature touched those who knew him, but it was at last decided to advertise both horse and dog, and when the new owner should be discovered to buy back the faithful animal. For the sake of humanity it is hoped no obstacle will be raised in the fulfilment of such a sale. Assuredly the horse deserves to end his days with his old friends.

### JOSH BILLINGS

says: "If a man wants to go through the world and please everybody *he must travel on a back road*"—to which we add, or he must sit on the fence in regard to every important question and duty and say, *Good Lord, Good Devil, to everybody*.



THE VIGILANT.

From Engraver and Printer Co., 5 Park Square, Boston.

### DOGS AND PICTURES.

Apropos of the recognition of pictures by dogs I think you may be interested in the two following facts which came under my notice a few years ago. A sagacious but quite uneducated old terrier came with his master to call for me, and curled himself on the hearthrug while we talked. Turning himself round in the intervals of slumber, his eye caught an oil painting just over his head (a life-size half-length of a gentleman). He immediately sat up, showed his teeth, and growled, not once but continually, as both angry and mortified that neither eyes nor nose had given him notice of the arrival of a stranger.

The next instance was similar, except that the chief actor was a young, intelligent collie, who, on the sudden discovery of a man looking at him from the wall, barked long and furiously. In both instances, after their excitement had subsided, I led the dogs to look at another picture similar in size, and also of a gentleman, but neither of them would take the smallest notice of it. I need only add that the picture which the dogs appreciated was painted by Sir Henry Raeburn—the other was not. Might not a few sagacious canine members be a useful addition to the Royal Academy hanging committee?

—Cor. *London Spectator*.

### A GOOD CAT-STORY.

[From the *Band of Hope Review*.]

A clergyman had a cat which was a great favorite in the family, and endowed with some qualities not usually credited to her humble species. Puss at one time had a very interesting family of little kittens. They were all bright and active, but one of them was observed to have a greater resemblance to its mother than the rest, and was indeed the prettiest kitten of the whole, and the mother showed a peculiar attachment to it. A neighbor begged one of them, and being allowed her choice selected the favorite and carried it home. All this occurred in the absence of the feline mother, who, on her return, evidently observed, with concern, the absence

of her pet. She immediately commenced searching the house and outbuildings, insisted on having the doors opened for her admission to all the rooms in the house, and when satisfied that it was not on the premises, she instituted a similar search throughout the neighborhood. Occasionally she would return to her remaining little ones for the purpose of meeting their demands on her for nourishment, and then she would again renew the search for her lost favorite. Having explored the premises of all the near neighbors, she at length entered the last house in the village, where she finally found the object of her long and persevering pursuit. She caressed it with every manifestation of maternal fondness and delight, fed it, and then, much to the surprise of the lady of the house, took her departure, leaving the kitten behind. She was not, however, long absent. In a few hours she returned, bringing one of her other kittens in her mouth, which she placed on the floor beside the newly-found. "Ah!" thought the lady, "so I am to have the mother and all her progeny quartered upon me." This, however, was not the intention of the cat; for after caressing the kitten she had brought for a few moments she took the other in her mouth, and carried it to its former home, and never afterwards visited the one she had given in exchange for it.

### A CRUEL WRETCH.

It isn't fair to give a Detroit girl away, possibly, but truth will out, even in a newspaper. Detroit has one among its countless pretty girls who was in the country, and one day she happened out toward the cow-lot about milking time and was asking the man several questions.

"Why don't you milk that cow?" she asked, pointing to one in an adjoining lot.

"Because she's dry, Miss."

"Dry?"

"Yes, Miss. She's been dry for two weeks."

"You cruel wretch," she exclaimed; "why don't you give her some water?" and the man turned his face to the cow-house and shook with emotions he could not suppress. —[*Detroit Free Press*.]

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF  
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize  
every opportunity to say a kind  
word or do a kind act that willmake some other human being or  
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## New Bands of Mercy.

20148 Sunnyview, Oregon.  
Sunnyview Band, No. 1.  
P., Mrs. L. C. Gardner.

20149 Goleta, Cal.  
Junior League Band.  
P., Minnie Brown.

20150 Cadiz, Ind.  
Methodist S. School.  
I'll Try Band.  
P., Joel Kendall.

20151 Sunshine Band.  
P., M. A. Pickering.

20152 Christian S. School.  
Hope Band.  
P., P. Bushong.

20153 Pansy Band.  
P., Mrs. Thompson.

20154 Friends S. School.  
Golden Rule Band.  
P., Alvin Winters.

20155 Little Helpers Band.  
P., J. W. Thomas.

20156 Faribault, Minn.  
Junior League Band.  
P., Cina J. Squier.

20157 Richland, Ga.  
Golden Rule Band.  
P., Willard Owens.

20158 Alliance, Ohio.  
L. T. L. Band.  
P., Frank Bowden.

20159 Greenfield, Mass.  
Helpful Band.  
P., Miss Kate D. Russell.

20160 San Francisco, Cal.  
Snow Drop Band.  
P., John McCulloch.

20161 San Francisco, Cal.  
Golden West Band.  
P., Miss Frances Whitley.

20162 Bloomington, Ill.  
Willing Workers Band.  
P., Mrs. V. M. Hyde.

20163 Pomona, Cal.  
First Baptist Band.  
P., James T. Allen.

20164 Golden Rule Band.  
P., G. H. Waters.

20165 Columbus, Kansas.  
Peace Band.  
P., Jaretta Duncan.

20166 North Prescott, Mass.  
Maria F. Gray Band.  
P., Miss Mary F. Vaughn.

20167 San Francisco, Cal.  
True Blue Band.  
P., Bessie Harris.

20168 California Poppy Band.  
P., Emil Heckmann.

20169 Rushville, Ind.  
Presb. S. School.  
Golden Rule Band.  
P., Heber Allen.

20170 Little Helpers Band.  
P., Miss O'Dair.

20171 2nd. Meth. S. School.  
Lincoln Band.  
P., John Ferguson.

20172 Baptist S. School.  
Washington Band.  
P., George Easley.

20173 St. Mary's School.  
Lily Band.  
P., Sister Leeb.

20174 Methodist S. School.  
I'll Try Band.  
P., S. Abercrombie.

20175 Rosebud Band.  
P., May Fritter.

20176 Christian S. School.  
Hope Band.  
P., John A. Spurrier.

20177 Star Band.  
P., Mrs. Maury.

20178 United Presbyterian S. S.  
Lily Band.  
P., W. J. Waite.

20179 Pansy Band.  
P., Mrs. French.

20180 Unionvale, Oregon.  
Unionvale Band.  
P., Mrs. Eliza A. Withee.

20181 Wilton, N. H.  
Busy Bee Band.  
P., Mrs. George Whiting.

20182 Sidney, N. Y.  
Hope Band.  
P., Lester Hilsinger.

20183 Thornville, Ohio.  
Thornville Band.  
P., Nancy C. Stevens.

20184 San Francisco, Cal.  
Golden Eagle Band.  
P., Mose Harris.

20185 Jacksonville, Fla.  
Pleasant Grove Hope Band.  
P., Mrs. Retic Williams.

20186 Jacksonville, Fla.  
Cedar Hammock Band.  
P., Mr. Harrison Carne.

20187 San Francisco, Cal.  
Arizona Band.  
P., M. Harris.

20188 Young American Band.  
P., George Rehn.

20189 Snow Drop Band.  
P., Willie Miller.

20190 Parkston, S. D.  
Parkston Band.  
P., Mrs. E. M. Dove.

20191 Carnesville, Ga.  
The Do Society Band.  
P., Miss Mary McConnell.

20192 Kansas City, Mo.  
Rosa Bonheur Band.  
P., Rev. J. B. Welty.

20193 Marquette, Mich.  
Kemper Band.  
P., Virginia C. Grant.

20194 Mt. Vernon, Ky.  
Mt. Vernon Band.  
P., Mr. Charles Davis.

20195 Burnside, Ky.  
Burnside Band.  
P., Mrs. C. V. Roberts.

20196 Los Angeles, Cal.  
Good Samaritan Band.  
P., Mrs. Sarah Minier.

20197 Arlington, Ind.  
Christian S. School.  
Golden Rule Band.  
P., James M. Cross.

20198 Sunshine Band.  
P., Miss Moore.

20199 Methodist S. School.  
I'll Try Band.  
P., G. N. Logan.

20200 Red Bird Band.  
P., Mrs. Alford.

20201 Raysville, Ind.  
Sunshine Band.  
P., Edward Elliott.

20202 Morristown, Ind.  
Franklin S. School.  
Golden Rule Band.  
P., John Addison.

20203 Rockford, Ill.  
L. T. L. Band.  
P., M. L. Neff.

20204 Decatur, Ind.  
Star Band.  
P., Irene Weaver.

20205 Westerly, R. I.  
Westerly Sunshine Band.  
P., Mrs. Martha Lindley.



"Last year one hundred and two well-defined cases of lockjaw were reported to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, London, with a certificate in each case from the attending veterinary that the malady resulted from docking, and one single veterinary stated that out of thirty-one cases of tetanus which he had been called to attend within a year, twenty-seven of these cases resulted from this same brutal custom."

## "THE HORSE REVIEW" SAYS:

To dock a horse is a crime, and it should be made a felony by every legislature. In addition Congress should enact a measure which will prohibit the importation of horses artificially docked. We cannot legislate for the people of other lands, but we can render it impossible for them to sell to our people horses which have been mutilated in a way distasteful to all in whom there is left a spark of kind treatment toward the brute creation.

"Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful." (Luke 6:36.)  
"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." (Matt. 5:7.)

Old G. (introduced on the train)—"May I inquire, Miss Brown, where you live?"  
Miss B.—"I have the honor, sir, to reside in—"  
Old G.—"Ah, I see, Boston."—*Town Topics.*

## DOCKING.

"To the Editor of the Christian Register:—

I am glad you have encouraged the crusade against the docking of horses' tails.

"One fact that I have never seen in print I think ought to be known. It is this: that, while the horse has the power of twitching his skin so as to dislodge a fly, it only extends as far back as his tail can reach forward,—a fact that speaks for itself. A docked tail and a bearing-rein are twin abominations. W. G. P."

## EX-POSTMASTER GENERAL WANAMAKER'S GOSPEL WAGON.

We see in the *Boston Record* of Sept. 5th, that on the preceding Sunday Ex-Postmaster General Wanamaker addressed a large crowd in Philadelphia from the tail of an ordinary express wagon, in which were a number of men and women and a small melodeon, the whole drawn by a horse with a docked tail and a clipped mane.

If that fly-tormented horse had run away with the gospel wagon and upset the melodeon and the Ex-Postmaster General whose fault would it have been?

## LABOR DAY PROCESSION.

## ONLY ONE BOB-TAILED HORSE.

It was a real pleasure, on September 3rd, to see in the great procession of the ranks of labor [three miles long] so many beautiful horses with long tails and without check-reins or blinders.

Only one poor looking horse in the whole procession, an unfortunate creature with a bob-tail, showing plainly all its ribs, and ridden by a man looking as miserable as the animal he rode.

Thank God, that in the ranks of labor there was only one of these four-legged miseries, mutilated, doubtless, by some rich man, then sold to be tormented every summer during the remainder of its unfortunate life.

Look at the faces of all the people you see riding on or behind docktailed, mutilated horses, and see how many kind, noble, generous, merciful faces you can find among them,

and on the other hand how many cold, hard, dissipated, unhappy and merciless ones!

WE PROPOSE TO FIGHT IT OUT ON  
THIS LINE.

If any persons suppose that our crusade against the life mutilation of horses in Massachusetts will come to an end in any other way than by our death or the stopping of this criminal practice they are mistaken. We propose to fight it out on this line, and keep everlastingly at it, until no man or woman in the State will dare to incur the indignation of their fellow-citizens by riding on or after any such mutilated animal.

If they do not stop this business before long, the time will come when they will be considered by every school-boy and girl in the State a disgrace to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## GIVE US MEN.

God give us men! A time like this demands Great hearts, strong minds, true faith and willing hands.

Men whom the lust of office does not kill;  
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;  
Men who possess opinions and a will;  
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;  
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,  
Their large professions and their little deeds,  
Wrangle in selfish strife—lo! Freedom weeps,  
Wrong rules the land and waiting justice sleeps. —OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## A CHRISTIAN ACT.

A few days ago, on a hot dry afternoon, while throwing water on the grass from a small hose in front of my residence, an English sparrow flew down on the street curb near by, and looking first at me and then the water, asked for some to drink as plainly as a bird could ask. I immediately turned the stream in the direction of the bird and allowed it to fall about three feet from him until a little puddle was formed, then turned the stream back to the grass. The bird in the meantime did not move, but watched the water with delight, and as soon as the stream was changed ran to the puddle and drank and flapped his wings in it to his heart's content, and then joined his mates in the trees. It did my heart good to see how happy I had made him.

Very truly, L. CLAY KILBY.



## TAME SQUIRRELS AT THE MOUNTAINS.

One of the amusements which the guests at the Breezy Hill House, Lisbon, N. H., indulge in, is playing with and feeding several chipmunks, or squirrels. There are two which have their abiding places in a big wood pile and under the piazza of the hotel. They will come out from their hiding places and take nuts from the hands of young and old. Sometimes the guests put nuts upon their shoulders and the little fellows will run up the arm, fill their chops with them, deposit them in their holes and come back for more. They will pull away with all their might at good sized nuts which have been placed in the buttonholes of a coat, and will not give up until they have secured the prize. The children lie down upon the grass with some nuts in their hands, and the little fellows will run all over them. They will reach up to one's fingers and hold on until they are drawn up and have found their nuts. They seldom stop to eat, preferring to cram their little cheeks full of the uncracked nuts for winter use. They present a comical appearance as they scamper off to their holes. No effort has been made to tame these beautiful little creatures, but they certainly show that they can be tamed for the amusement of young and old.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

## A PEN PICTURE.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

This morning, in walking through a grove of fruit and shade trees, one of the first things that caught my gaze was your "Protection to Birds Placard" fastened to a tree.

In this grove is a fine dwelling. I found the owner, a man nearly eighty-four years of age, who invited me to see how he feeds the wild birds. He has made a circular platform about four feet in height, with a railing, and supported by a pedestal, all nicely painted. This platform is close to his door under a tree, and here he feeds all the birds that come.

While we were talking a striped squirrel ran up the path towards the door close beside me, with no appearance of fear, and I heard a chattering over my head, and looking up into the tree I saw a large gray squirrel running around the trunk of the tree. The kind-hearted gentleman went into the house and brought a handful of nuts for the little fellow.

Sincerely yours, CLARA CHENEY.

## LITTLE BROWN BUSHY-TAIL.

Little brown Bushy Tail lived up in a tree,  
And mossy and snug was his nest,  
Acorns and beechnuts in plenty had he,  
And he scarcely knew which he liked best.

He was cheery of temper and agile of limb,  
And his own little will was his law;  
For what was the world and its worries to him,  
When he held a plump nut in his claw?

As he cracked it he twinkled his knowing black eyes,  
The kernel picked out by-and-by;  
Then he ate it, and looking uncommonly wise  
Said, "Folk may be worse off than I."

"For I'm sure I'm content with my portion in life,  
And of nuts I've a plentiful store;  
With my little brown babies and little brown wife  
What on earth could a squirrel want more?"

He had lots of near neighbors as merry as he;  
They were cheery and playful each one.  
Don't they show us that happy 'tis easy to be  
If good humor we give with our fun?

Content with the blessings our Father may give,  
How happy would all of us be,  
If we tried with our friends and our neighbors to live  
As the brown squirrel in the tree!

—ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

## A STONE-WALL PHILOSOPHER.

We love the clear, blue mountains,  
With the graceful, rounding domes,  
And the lake with its fringed islands  
And its circle of summer homes.  
But the dearest summer pleasure  
Which our happy thoughts recall  
Is our gay little friend the chipmunk,  
Who lived in the old stone wall.

All days were good to the chipmunk,  
He knew neither pain nor care,  
He basked in the summer sunshine  
And frisked in the pleasant air;

Count yourself free  
when you owe no man  
a cent; independent when  
you have no favors to  
ask.

Hold in grateful remembrance those who have done you a good turn; try to forget those who have done you wrong.

## OVERHEARD IN THE HENHOUSE.

Speckled Dominicker—  
"I learned something awful about Miss Plymouth Rock to-day."

Mrs. Leghorn Whyte—  
"For gracious sake, what was it?"

"She prides herself on her family connections you know, and she hasn't any. She was hatched in an incubator."

A preacher who arrived at the kirk wet through, asked an old Scotch woman what he should do, to which she replied, "Gang into the pulpit as sune as ye can. Ye'll be dry enough there."

A Natural Supposition: Mr. T.—"There is a fine picture of our minister in to-day's paper." Mrs. T.—"Indeed! What has he been cured of?"

But rain never caused him trouble,  
Nor made his spirits fall,  
He smiled on the heaviest downpour  
From a niche in the safe stone wall.

He worked every hour of the morning  
As if winter were coming soon,  
And he took not a moment's respite  
Through the long, hot afternoon.  
His wishes were never consulted,  
And his rights were counted small;  
He had really but one sure refuge,  
His home in the gray stone wall.

Whatever misfortune befell him  
His shrewd little eyes were bright,  
His stout little heart was merry,  
And his cheerful footsteps light.  
And he laugh with the little chipmunk,  
"Tis a good world after all,  
And we toss a kiss to our neighbor,  
Who sits on the old stone wall."

—HELEN MARSH FLETCHER, in *Boston Evening Transcript.*

## THE WOODCOCK AND HER YOUNG.

The woodcock builds her nest among the dry heather in the woods, and there of course her eggs are hatched. The baby birds are helpless creatures, of no use to themselves till their bills grow hard and their legs and wings become strong. They live chiefly on worms, and want beside a good deal of moisture.

These things can only be had in swampy ground, and as the youngsters cannot go to the marshes the question is, how are they fed? It would be a wearisome job for the mother to fly to and fro with the large quantity of worms that her hungry infants need. She would have no time to get a meal for herself.

Well, regularly every evening she actually carries her young in her feet from the woods to the marsh and brings them back again before daybreak to the shelter of the wood, where they stay during the day. This habit was doubted for a long time and even denied, but it is now accepted as a well established fact.—*New York Journal.*

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals or forts.

—Longfellow.



## SUMMER'S DONE.

Along the wayside and up the hills  
The goldenrod flames in the sun;  
The blue-eyed gentian nois good-bye  
To the sad little brooks that run.  
And so Summer's done, said I,  
Summer's done!

In yellowing woads the chestnut drops;  
The squirrel gets galore;  
Though bright-eyed lads and little maids  
Rob him of half his store;  
And so Summer's done, said I,  
Summer's done!

The maple in the swamp begins  
To flaunt in gold and red,  
And in the elm the fire-bird's nest  
Swings empty overhead;  
And so Summer's done, said I,  
Summer's done!

The barberry hangs her jewels out,  
And guards them with a thorn;  
The merry farmer boys cut down  
The poor old dried-up corn;  
And so Summer's done, said I,  
Summer's done!

The swallows and the bobolink  
Are gone this many a day;  
But in the morning still you hear  
The scolding, swaggering jay!  
And so Summer's done, said I,  
Summer's done!

A wonderful glory fills the air,  
And big and bright is the sun;  
A loving hand for the whole brown earth  
A garment of beauty has spun;  
But for all that Summer's done, said I,  
Summer's done!

## POWER OF A HORSE'S SCENT.

There is one perception which a horse possesses to which little attention has been paid, and that is the power of scent. With some horses it is acute, as with the dog; and for the benefit of those who drive at night, such as physicians and others, this knowledge is invaluable. I never knew it to fail, and I have ridden hundreds of miles of dark nights, and in consideration of this power of scent this is my simple advice: Never check your horse at night, but give him a free head, and you may rest assured that he will never get off the road, and will carry you safely and expeditiously. In regard to the power of scent in a horse, I once knew one of a pair that was stolen and recovered mainly by the track being made out by his mate, and that after he had been absent six or eight hours.—*Tufts.*

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. in August, 1894.  
Fines and witness fees, \$123.06.

#### MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Mrs. H. A. Lamb, \$10; Hon. W. H. Haile, \$10; Edw. I. Browne, \$10; Mrs. W. J. Rotch, \$10; Terry, Ware & Alley, \$3; C. Howard, \$3; John H. Storer, \$3; C. H. Walker, \$3; Dr. J. J. Putnam, \$3; Hon. Henry P. Doe, \$3.

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Eli Forbes, Mrs. W. S. Otis, Geo. Churchill, Taunton Lumber Co., Mrs. C. S. Hawks, Miss E. G. Perkins, Whitman & Keith, O. M. Wentworth, Mrs. John Winthrop, Miss Mary Weyman, Mrs. E. W. Southworth, Mrs. E. M. Russell, H. C. Thacher, Amos W. Stetson, Mrs. Jacob Taft, E. M. Abbott, Arthur Reed, Wm. Read, Mrs. Gustave Preston, J. G. Mackintosh, Miss Mayo, Miss Anne Whitney, Hon. Geo. D. Robinson, W. P. Johnson, Jas. W. Brown, D. Mackintosh, B. R. Houghton, G. D. Howe, Mrs. G. D. Howe, A. Shuman, Mrs. B. F. Tryon.

#### TWO DOLLARS EACH.

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#### ONE DOLLAR EACH.

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The American Humane Education Society \$144.54.

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All others in sums of less than fifty cents, \$3.56.

Total, \$65.94.

Publications sold, \$64.07.

Total, \$69.07.

Receipts by The American Humane Education Society for August.

A New York friend, \$100.

And from Sales of The American Humane Education Society Publications.

C. A. Mitchell, \$7.88; Edinboro Pub. Co., \$10; H. R. Alcorn, \$5; Mrs. W. H. Bradley, \$5; Town of Sanford, Me., \$5.

All others in sums of less than five dollars, \$51.95.  
Interest \$6.93.

Cases reported at our Boston Offices in August.

Whole number dealt with, 409; animals taken from work, 74; horses and other animals killed, 53.

Life is a burden—bear it;

Life is a duty—dare it;

Life is a thorn-crown—wear it

Though it break your heart in twain.

Though the burden crush you down,

Close your lips and hide your pain;

First the cross and then the crown.

—FATHER RYAN.



A BAD DRIVER.

["For Our Dumb Animals,"]

#### MY HORSE.

BY MRS. EVA ROSE YORK.

So many years have flown  
Since thou and I, alone,

O'er prairies wild with shining dewdrops wet,  
Outsped the rushing wind,  
And yet I've failed to find  
In all the years one fleet as thou, my Pet.

'Twas scarcely worth the pain,  
The loss outweigh'd the gain,  
To own thee for a year,  
To give thee smile and tear

And all the care that fond possession brings;  
Then all thy virtues tell,  
And turn and say, "Farewell,"  
And watch thee throw the dust in golden rings.

We lov'd each other so!

And swifter thou did'st go,

Did I but whisper to thy list'ning ear,  
And thou did'st pass them all,  
Thro' prairie grasses tall,  
And with a graceful leap the brook did'st clear.

Where art thou now, my Pet?

Art thou as lonely yet

As when I held thy bridle and thy curb?  
Or art thou lying low  
Where trees their shadows throw,  
Where passing hoofs no more thy rest disturb?

We lov'd each other so!

O Pet! the long years go

All lame and languid since I sold thee, dear.  
For what is gold to me  
When brought as price of thee?  
I'd give it ten times o'er to have thee near.

And now I live once more

The hour when, o'er and o'er,

I said to thee, "This ride will be our last."

I smell the flowers sweet,

I hear thy flying feet,

And count the figur'd mile stones that we've pass'd.

Alas! alas! 'tis done,

No more the rising sun

Shall greet us daily, only you and me;

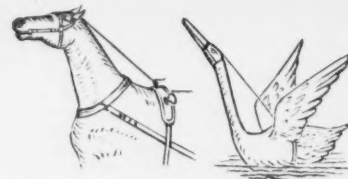
No more! no more! and yet

Where'er I am, my Pet,

Each sunrise brings a tender thought of thee.

#### STABLE FRIENDS.

The following case of animal intelligence has been communicated by Professor Schutzenberger, of Strasburg, to the *Revue d'Anthropologie*. A gentleman owning a kitchen garden remarked that a basket which held a quantity of fresh carrots got quickly emptied. He spoke to the gardener, who said that he could not understand it, but would watch for the thief. A quarter of an hour had not elapsed when a dog was seen to go to the basket, take out a carrot, and carry it to the stable. Dogs do not eat raw carrots, so further watch was necessary. The observers now found that the dog had business with a horse, his night companion; with wagging tail he offered the latter the fruit of his larceny, and the horse naturally made no difficulty about accepting it. The gardener seized a stick and was about to avenge this act of too complacent good-fellowship; but his master stopped him. The scene was repeated until all the carrots had disappeared.



FROM THE "REFORMATORY RECORD,"  
HUNTINGTON, PA.

It is a source of regret that it is impossible to place in our columns the very many good things that are always found in "Our Dumb Animals," the August number of which is lying upon the table. From beginning to end its pages are filled with the spirit of love and kindness for all God's creation.

#### Prices of Humane Publications.

The following publications of the Massachusetts Society P. C. Animals can be obtained at our offices at the following cost prices, free of postage:—

Autobiographical Sketches and Recollections, by Geo. T. Angell, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; or cloth bound, 30 cents at office, and 25 cents mailed.  
Address to Boston Public Schools, by Geo. T. Angell . . . 2 cents each, or \$2.00 per 100  
Humane Leaflets, Nos. 1 to 8, by Geo. T. Angell—  
Eight of either No. or Nos., as wanted, 5 cents;  
twenty-four for ten cents; one hundred, 25 cents.  
Bird Leaflet, by Geo. T. Angell . . . \$0.25 per 100  
Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, by Geo. T. Angell, at 2 cents for the whole twelve bound together, or . . . 2.00 "  
Humane Training and Treatment of the Horse, by H. C. Merwin, 1 cent each, or 1.00 "  
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Cattle Transportation, by Geo. T. Angell . . . 1.10 "  
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How to Kill Animals Humanely, by Dr. D. D. Slade . . . 1.00 "  
Service of Mercy, selections from Scripture, etc. . . . .65 "  
Band of Mercy Information, by Geo. T. Angell . . . 1.00 "  
Fifty-two Band of Mercy Songs and Hymns, book form, two cents for the whole, or . . . 2.00 "  
Band of Mercy Metal Badges, 8 and 6 cents each.  
Band of Mercy Ribbon Badges, 4 cents each.  
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Band of Mercy Cards of Membership, 2 cents each.

Condensed Information, an eight-page pamphlet by Geo. T. Angell, including all necessary for forming Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and Bands of Mercy. This, as well as the address of Mr. Angell to the National Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Nashville, Tenn., we send without cost to every one asking.

The above can be had in smaller numbers at the same rates.

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Published on the first Tuesday of each month  
by the

Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

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Single copies, per annum, 50 cents; for four copies and below ten, 45 cents; for ten and below twenty-five copies, 40 cents; for twenty-five and below fifty, 35 cents; for fifty and below one hundred, 30 cents; and for one hundred and more copies, as now, 25 cents each, in advance. Postage free to all parts of the United States.

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